

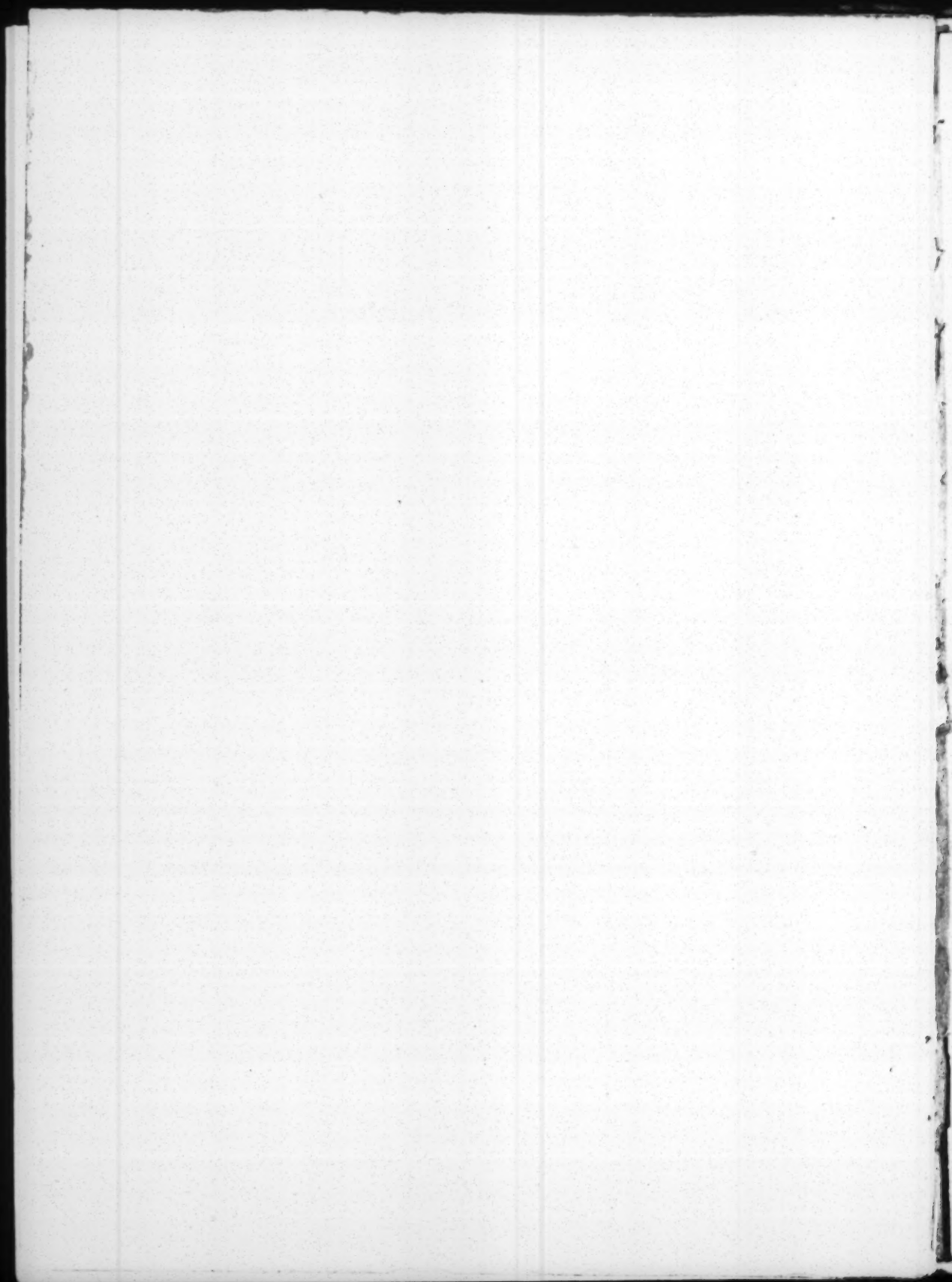
A  
GRIEF  
ON THE DEATH  
OF PRINCE  
HENRIE.

EXPRESSED IN A BROKEN  
Elgie, According to the nature of  
such a sorrow.

BY  
CYRIL TOURNEVE.



LONDON  
Printed for WILLIAM WELLES.  
1811.



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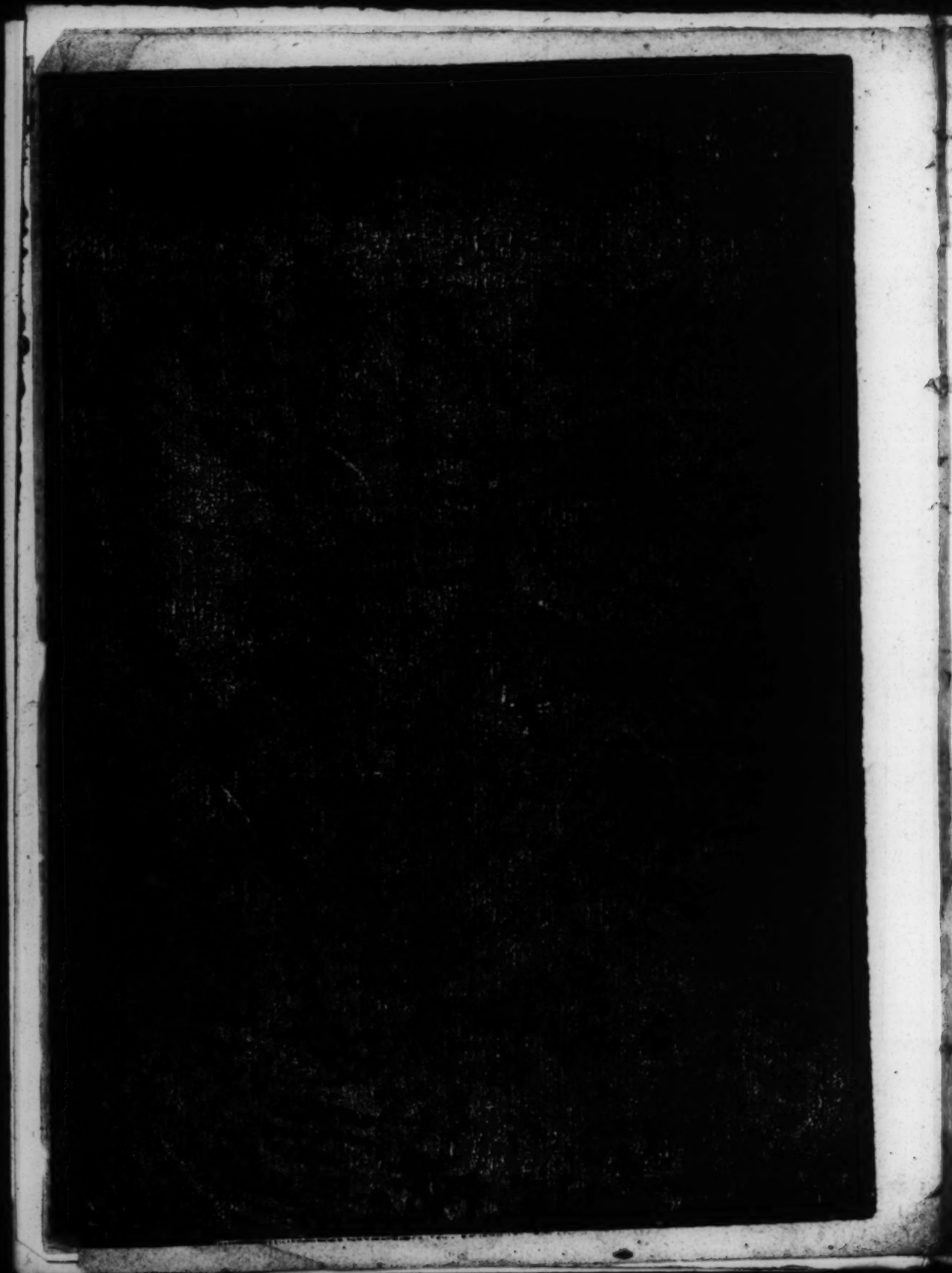




## To the Reader.

I Cannot blame thee, if thou read'st not right,  
Or understand'st not; for I know thy sight,  
With weeping is imperfect, if not blind,  
And sorrow does (almost) distract thy mind.

C. T.



TO MY NOBLE  
MAISTER Mr.  
GEORGE CARIE.



SIR; It was a season for Elegies  
of this kind, when I wrote  
this; before H<sup>i</sup>s Funeralls.  
I had no purpose (then) to  
haue it published. Importuni-  
ty hath (since) drawne it from me. But my  
first intent of Dedication is not altered. It  
cannot; vnlesse I could change my selfe. And  
(besides the subscription of my duty to  
you) you deserue to bee acknowledged in  
this Argument; among H<sup>i</sup>s true Mourners:  
for you honoured H<sup>i</sup>m, much and faithful-  
ly. For which, no lesse then for any other part  
of your generous disposition, I am and will  
bee

*Your Seruant*

CYRIL TOVRNEVR.







# A GRIEFE ON THE DEATH OF

PRINCE HENRIE, EXPRES-

sed in a broken Elegie, according

*to the nature of such a  
sorrow.*

Good *Vertue* wipe thine eyes. Looke vp and see!  
And wonder to behold it. Some there be,  
That weepe not; but are strangely merrie, dance,  
And reuell. Can the losse of Him aduance  
The heart of any man to such a mirth?  
Can His graue be the womb, from whence the birth  
Of pleasure riseth? *Pity them. Their woe  
Distracts 'em, and they know not what they doe.*  
Yet note 'em better. Be they wicked men,  
Their shew of *Ioy* is *voluntarie* then.  
For now the *President* of *vertu's* dead,  
*Vice* hopes to get her courses licenced.  
Dead! T'is about my knowledge how we liue  
To speake it. Is there any *Faith* to giue

B

The





## A Greefe.

The promises of *health* or *remedy*?  
Or any *Meane* to be preserved by;  
When *Temperance*, and *Exercise* of breath,  
(Those best *Physicians*) could not keepe from death,  
The strength of *Nature*? Was H B B temp'rate? whence  
(Then) came H B B subiect to the violence  
Of sicknesse? Rather was H B B not inclin'd  
To pleasures? *Infinitely*; still H I S mind  
Was on them; *Infinitely*; For H I S lone  
No *Obiects* had, but those which were about  
The causes of vexation; such, as *done*,  
Repented not the pleasures they begun,  
But made them endlesse: Nothing had the might  
To dis-effect his *Actions* of delight.  
No; nor H I S *suffrings*. For although H B B knew,  
That sicknesse came from earth to claime her due;  
And to deprivue H I M of that fortunate  
Succession to the greatnesse of the *State*,  
Which H B B was borne to; *that* did likewise please,  
And added nothing vnto H I S *disease*.  
Of H I S *contentments* heere, that was the best.  
Therefore the last; that it might crowne the rest.  
But these are not the pleasures that decay  
The body. How hath death (then) found a way  
To O N B so able? H B B was *yong* and *strong*.  
Vnguiltie of al *disorder* that could wrong  
H I S *Constitution*. Doe no longer hide  
It. 't was to vs a *plague* whereof H B B died.



## A Griefe.

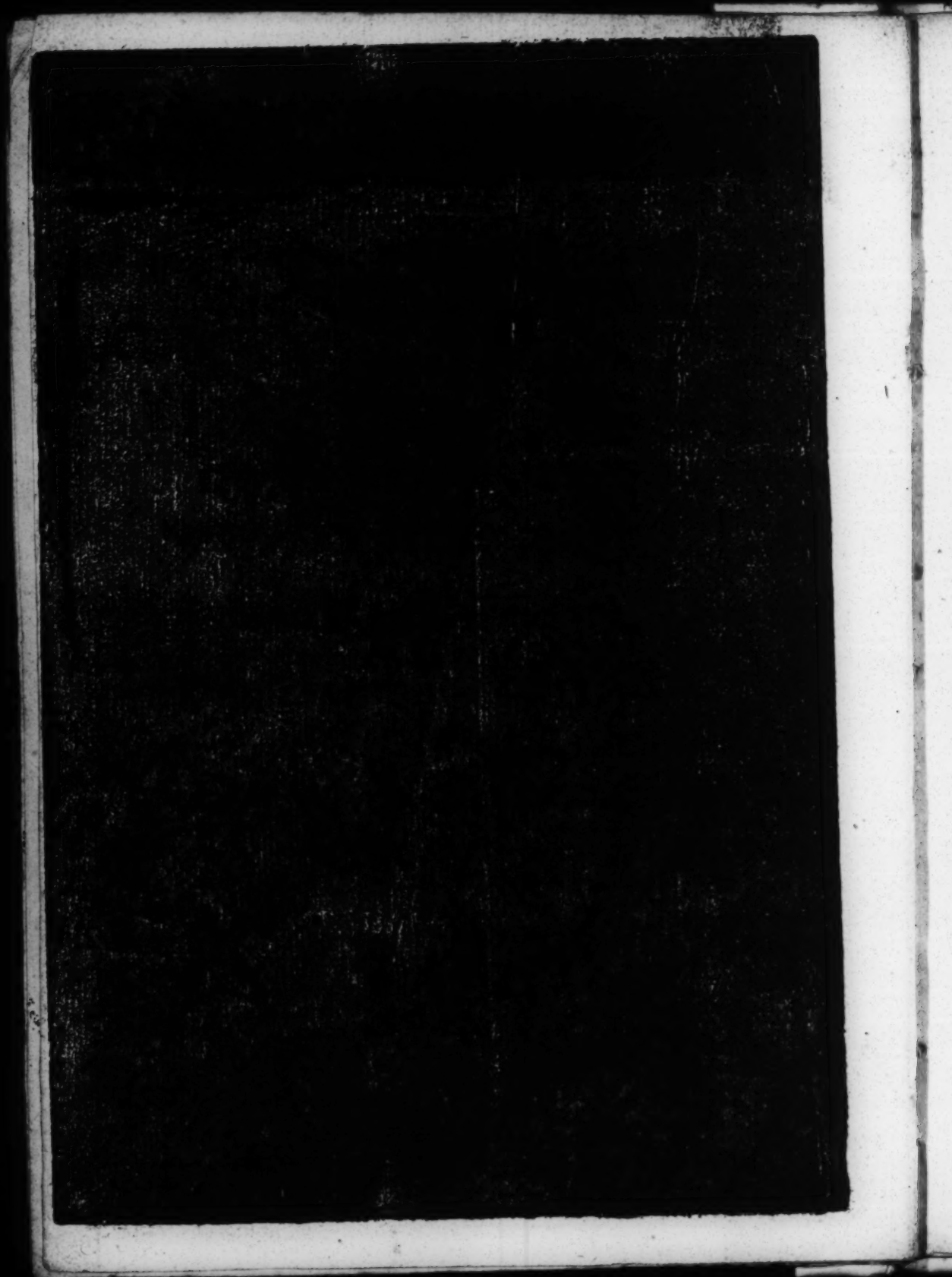
They doe not *break* them; and a iust excuse.  
They weare them *now*, to keepe them from *abuse*.  
For that great *fauour* now has made an *end*;  
That their despis'd conditions did *defend*.  
*Artes* too, are so discourag'd by their harmes;  
In losse of *HIM*, who lou'd both *them* and *Armes*;  
That they would all leaue  *studie* and decline  
From  *Learning*; if those *Naturall* and *Divine*  
Perswading *Contemplations*, did not leade  
The *One* to *Heauen*; the *other* to the *dead*;  
(Betweene whose *parts*, they haue diuided *HIS*;)   
And promise, *so*, to bring them where *HEE* is.  
But I would haue their  *studies* neuer die;  
For preservation of *HIS* *Memorie*.  
How can *that* perish? That will euer keepe;  
Because th' *impression* of it is so deepe.  
When any *Painter* to the *life*, that saw  
*HIS* *presence* fullie, takes in hand to draw  
An *Alexander*, or a *Caesar*; 'his best  
*Imaginations* will bee so possess't  
With *HIS* *Remembrance*, that as *HEE* does *limme*,  
Hee'l make that *Worthie's* picture like to *HIM*.  
And then t'will be a *Piece* of such a *Grace*,  
For *Height* and *Sweetnesse*; as that onely *Face*  
Will make another *Painter*, that ne'er knew  
*HIM* *liuing*, follow as the other drew.  
How great a *Character* deserues *HEE* then,  
Whose *Memorie* shall but expire with men?





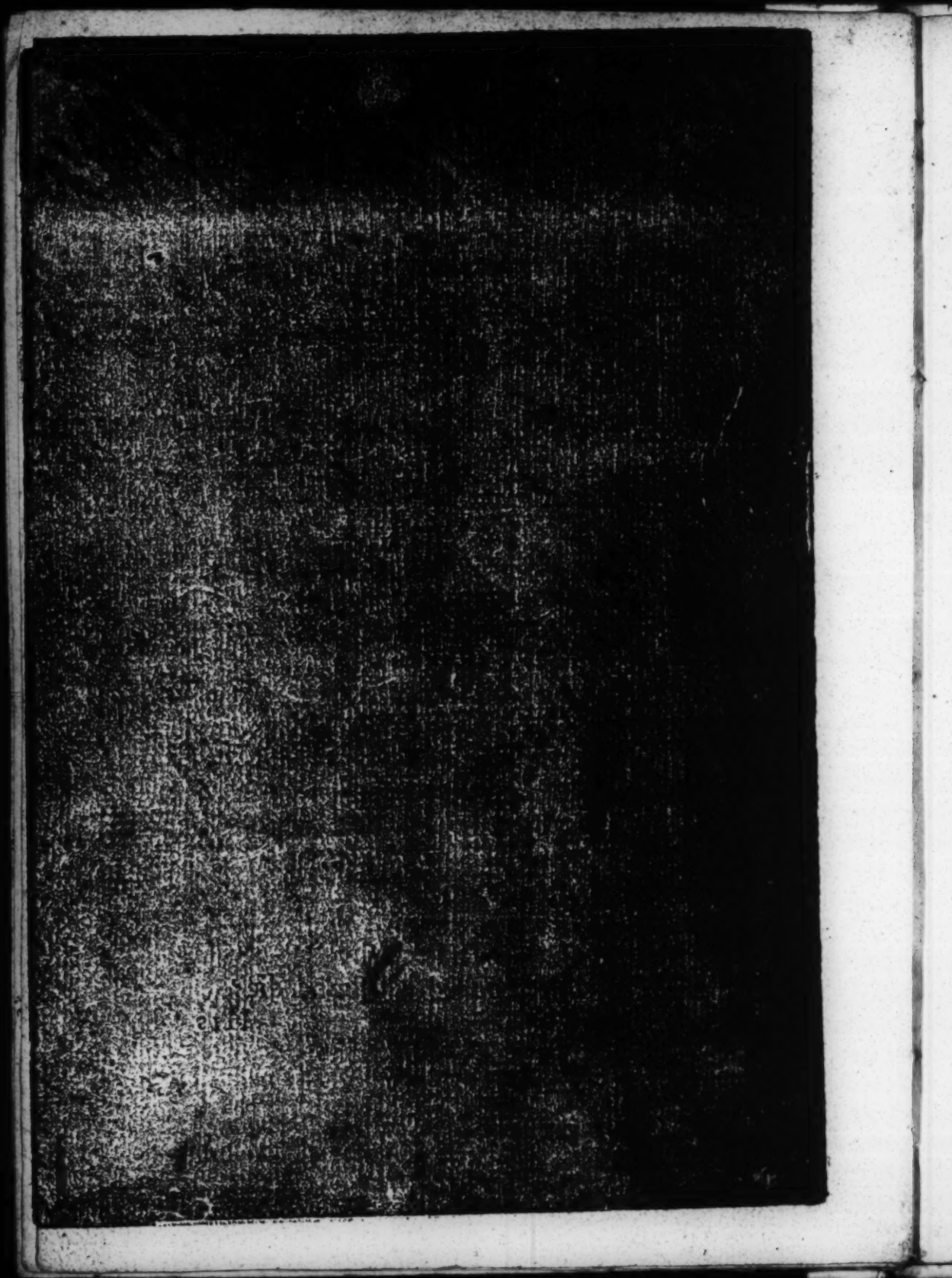
## *A Griefe.*

HIS youths great broken promise wee complaine.  
Yet none was greater. And are ours lesse vaine?  
Mistake not. As *Humanitie* now goes;  
H B B liu'd a *Man* as long as any does.  
For (onelic) in those *Minutes* that wee giue  
To *Vertue*, wee are *Trulie* said to liue  
*Men*, and no longer. If we reckon then,  
HIS good houres, with the good of other *Men*;  
HIS Times whole added numbers will arise,  
To his, that tels out fourescore ere he dies.  
To prooue this, looke as low as ere you can;  
And heare the words of the deiected *Man*;  
The *Souldier* speaks them. *Honour! Now I see,*  
*There is no hope that any Age will be*  
*So good and noble as the ancient were.*  
*None so Heroique euer shall appeare.*  
*For if that Fate, (which cannot be withstood)*  
*Had not decreed, there should be none so good;*  
*Shee would not haue neglected such a worth*  
*As HIS was, to haue brought that great worke forth.*  
*But hauing purpos'd it should neuer be;*  
*And hearing enery where by Fame, that H B B*  
*Was making one; she kill'd HIM.*—Marke his eye;  
Hee weepes. He weepes; that can more easilie  
Weepe *Bloud* then *Water*. Then I wonder, how  
Or *He*, or anye other *Souldier*, now,  
Can hold his sword *vnbroken*; since H B B was,  
That gaue them *Couni'nance*. That's the Cause (alas)  
*They*



## A Griefe.

A plague by much more common to vs, then  
The last great sicknesse. Many more the men  
Who suffer in it. That which now is gone,  
Was but the *Figure*, of a greater One  
To follow. Since the first that e'er was borne;  
A fuller number was not knowne to mourne.  
For all the *old Men* of the *Kingdomes* weepe,  
Since H<sup>e</sup> that promis'd by H<sup>is</sup> *strength* to keepe  
Their *children* free from *others* violence;  
And by *example* from their *owne* offence;  
Is taken from'em. And they would haue died  
When H<sup>e</sup> did, but for tarying to prouide  
A *second* care for that they would haue left  
To H<sup>im</sup>, of whose *protection* th'are bereft.  
If we doe well consider their iust woes;  
We must include our yong men too, in those:  
And grieue for euer: For our old mens teares,  
Are rather for the time *to come*, then theirs.  
If they that shall not liue to suffer much  
Vnder this cause of *sorrow*, vtter such  
A passion for it; *more* it does belong  
To *vs* that now are *growing* to it; *yong*;  
As if our *generations* had intent,  
We should be *borne* to feele the *punishment*.  
Now let vs *willingly* giue griefe regard;  
Least we be *forc'd* to doe it *afterward*,  
By *Heauen's* iust anger. Stay a little. Why  
Should yong men thinke the old shall sooner die?



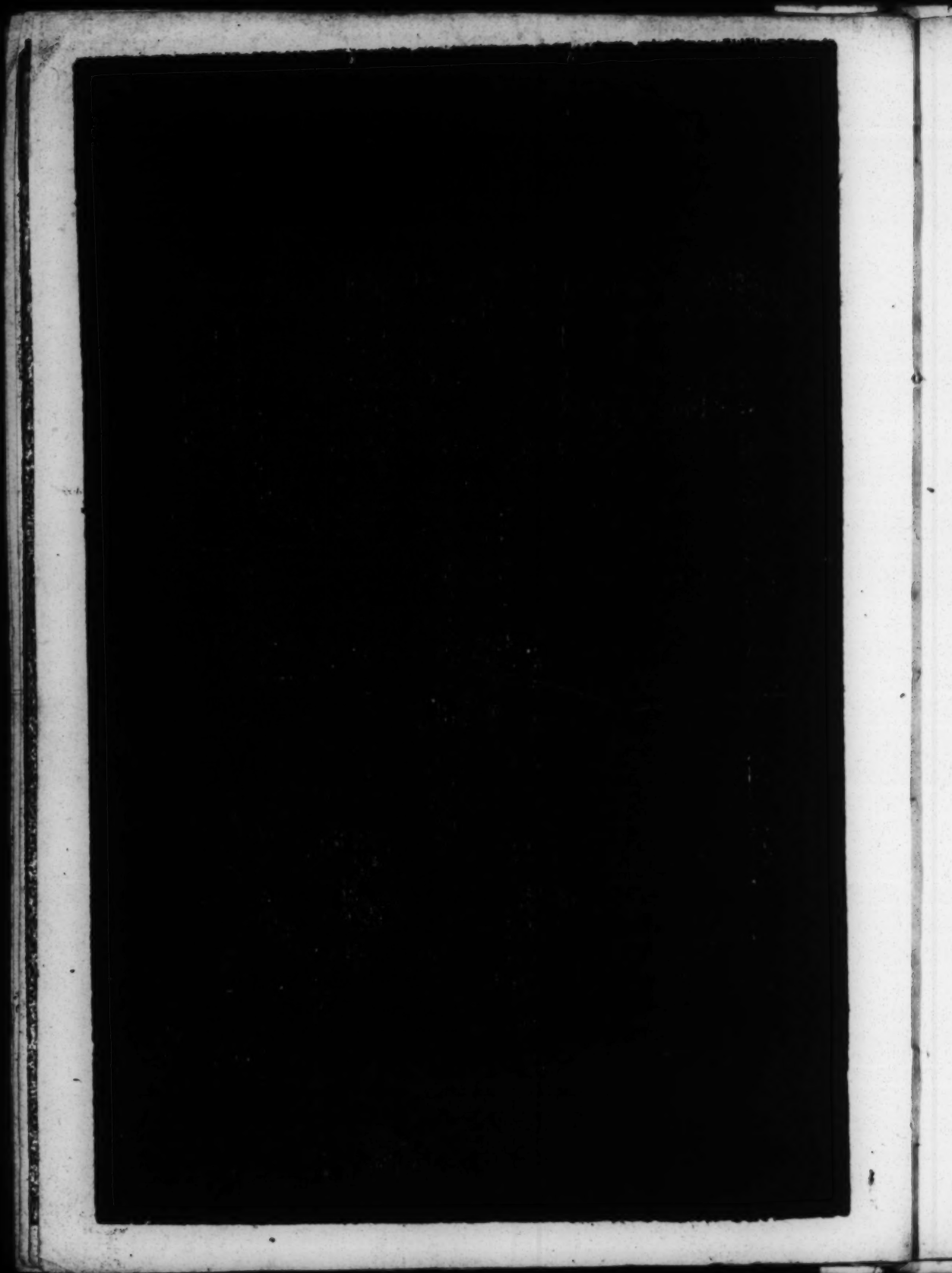


## *A Greefe.*

When a Diuine, or Poet, sets downe right,  
What other Princes should bee, Hee shall write  
What This was. That's His Character, which beares  
My sorrow inward, to goe forth in teares.  
Yet some of loy too, mix'd with those of Greefe;  
That flow from apprehension of releefe.  
I see His spirit turn'd into a starre;  
Whose influence makes that His owne Vertues are  
Succeeded iustlic; otherwise, the worst,  
As at His Funerall should proceede the first.  
His Native goodnes, followes in His Roome;  
Else good Men would be buried in His Tombs,  
O! suffer this to be a faithfull verse;  
To line for euer, weeping o'er His Herse.

CYRIL TOVRNEVR.







7

ON THE REPRESENTATION OF THE  
Prince at his Funeralls.

**H**E that the *Life* of this *Face* ever sawe,  
The *Mildnes* in it noting, and the *Awe*:  
Will iudge that *Peace* did either in her *Loue*,  
So soone aduance *Him* to her *State* aboue,  
Or else in *Feare* that *He* would *Warre* preferre,  
Concluded with *Him*, *He* should *Live* with *Her*.  
To *Both*, *His* aptnesse fluently appeares,  
In eu'rie *Souldiers* grieve, and *Schollars* teares.

C. T.



8

## On the Succession.

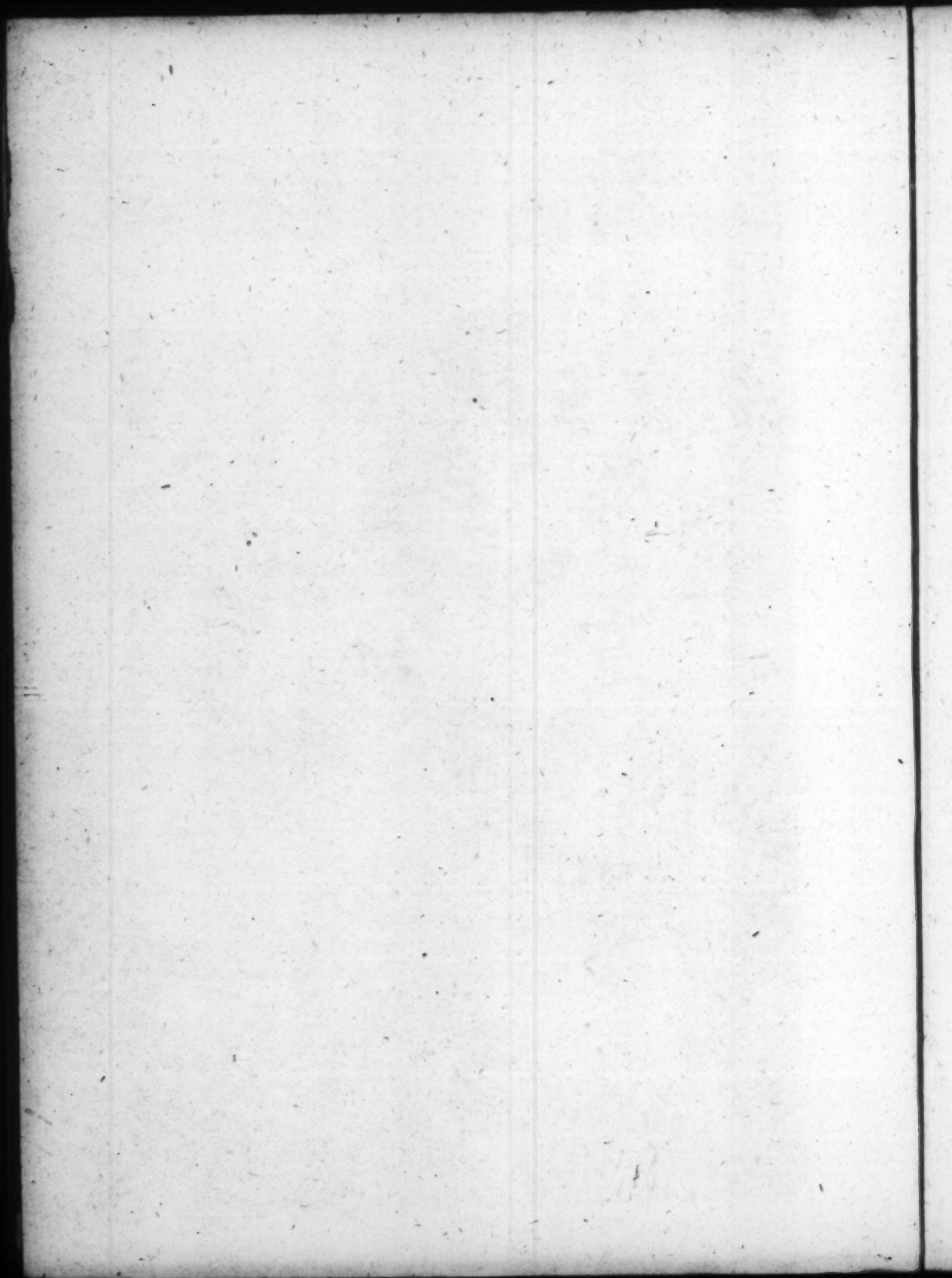
**T**HE State of England hath beene oft oppress'd,  
By many great pretenders. Fewe possel'd  
The Kingdome title safely, but when One  
Descended, and inherited alone.  
Prince HENRIE saw his brother CHARLES was younger,  
Therefore in Love (because Hee might live longer)  
Gave way: and for the Kingdomes strengthening,  
Hes left but one SONNE to succeed the KING.

C. T.

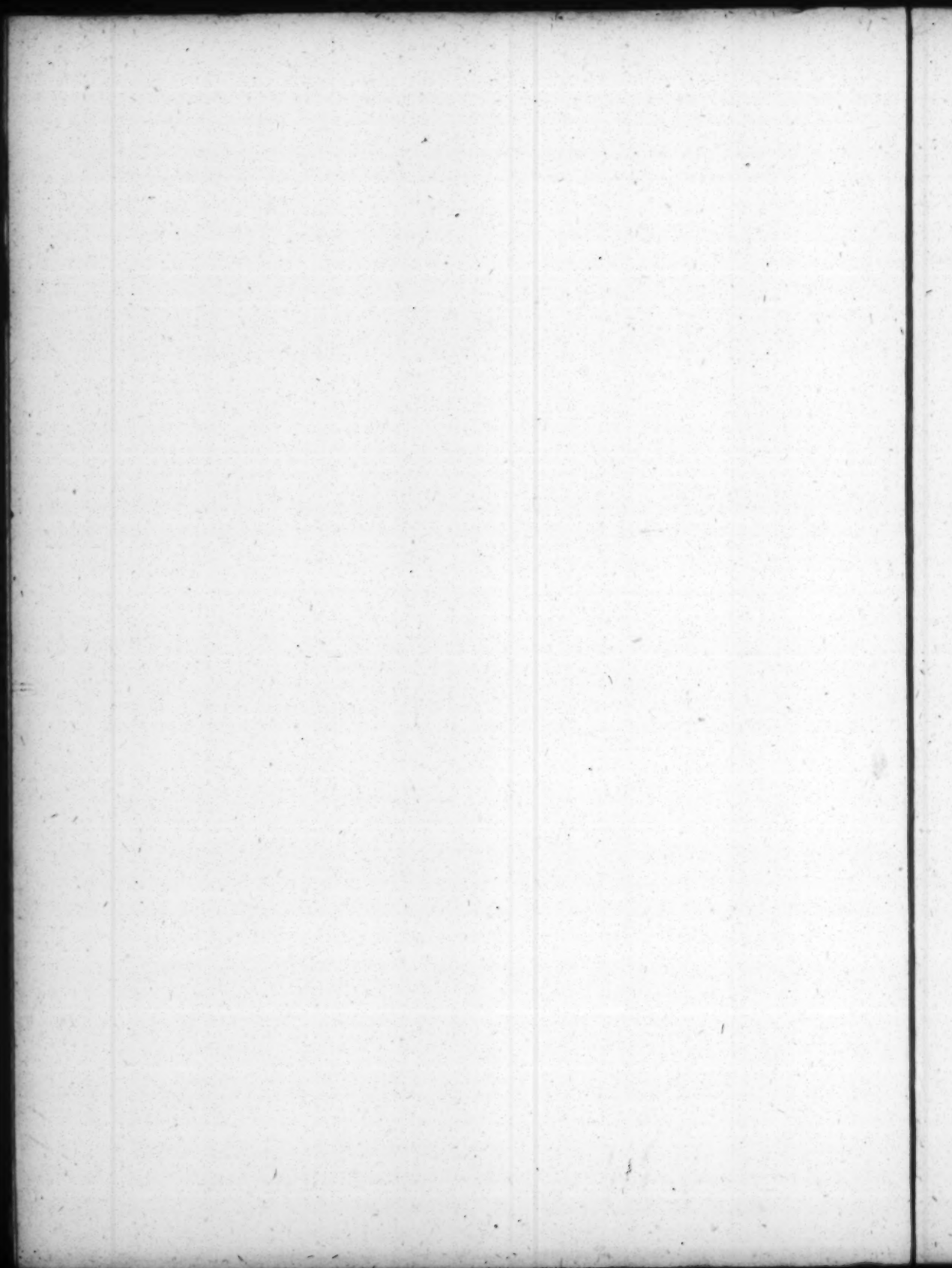






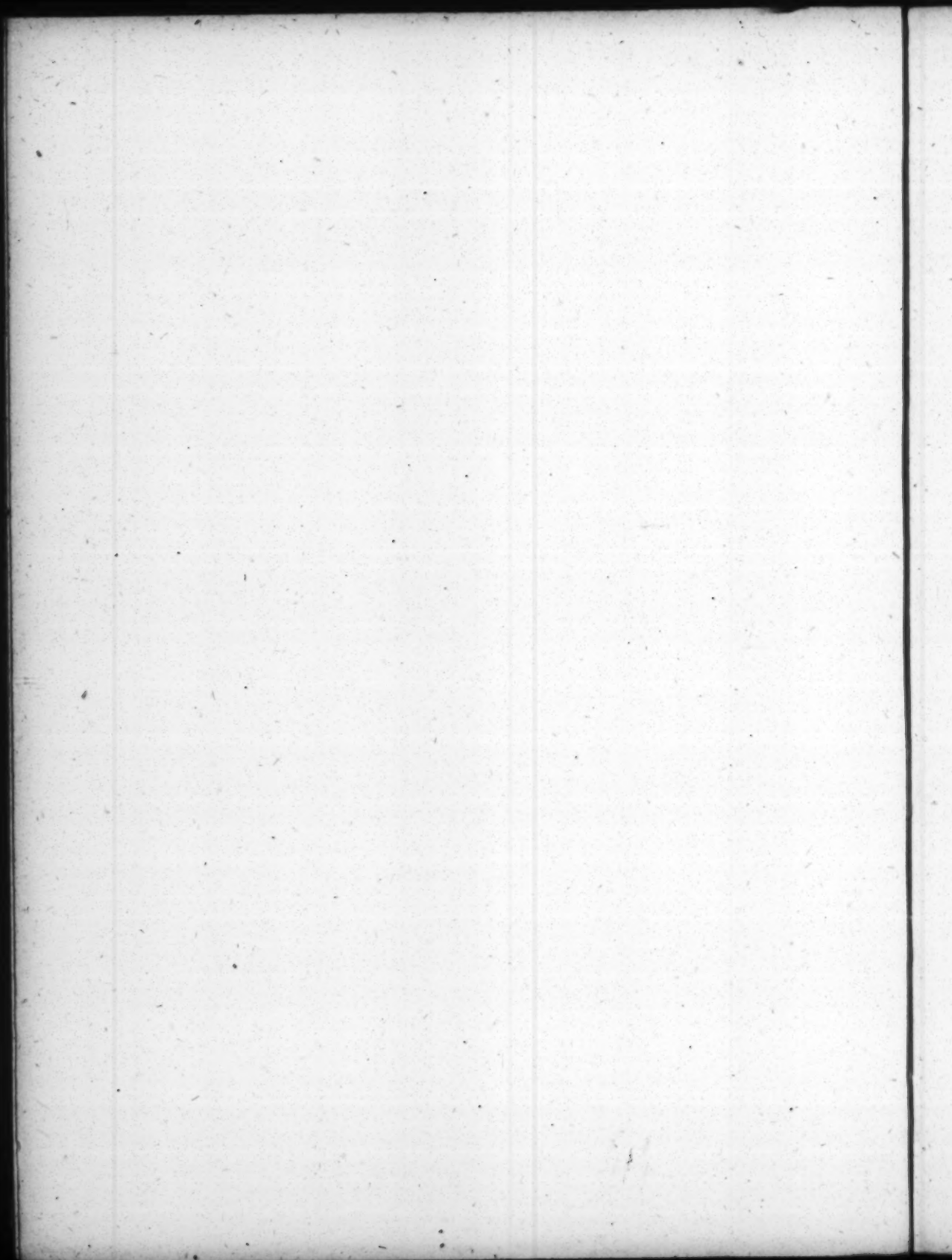




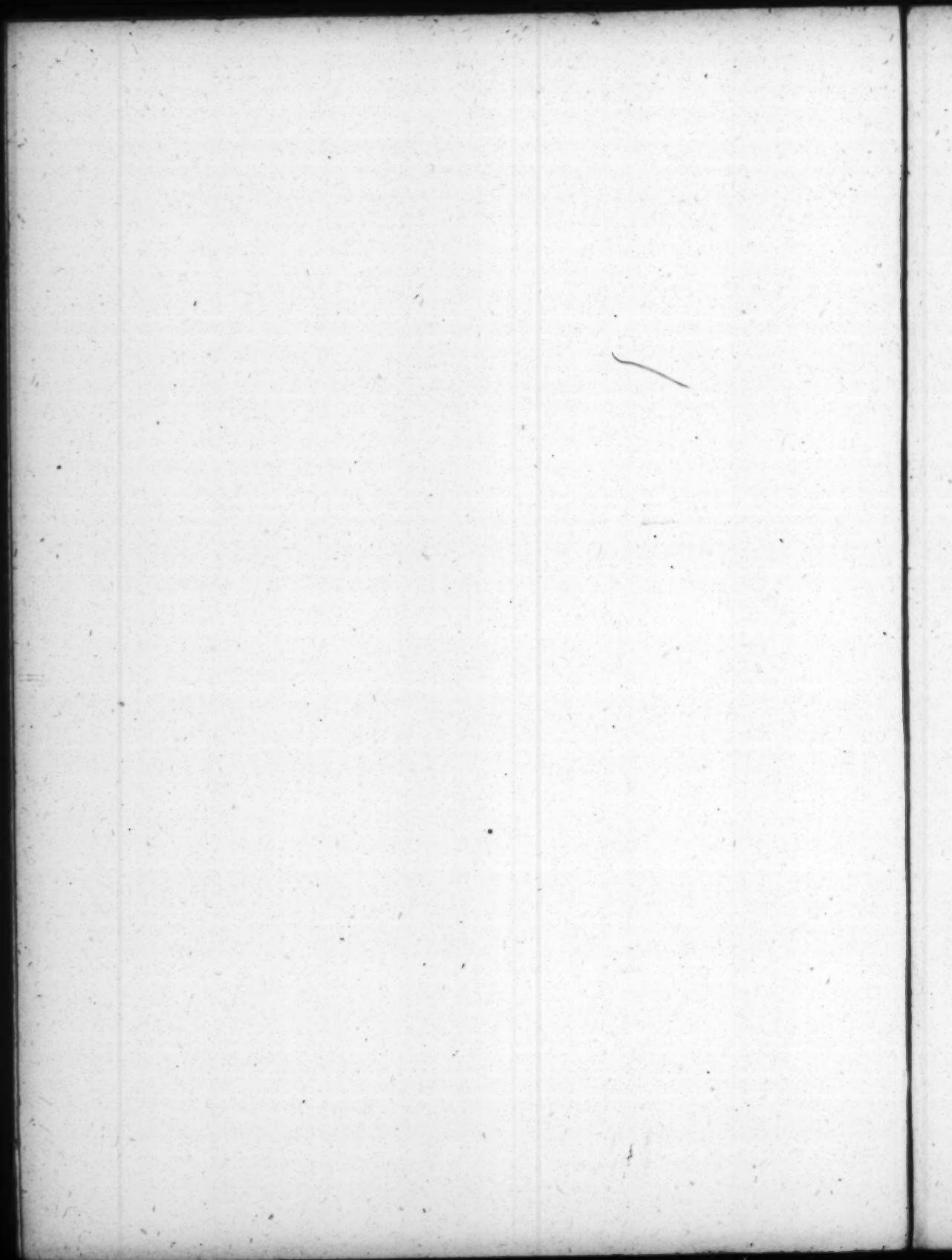




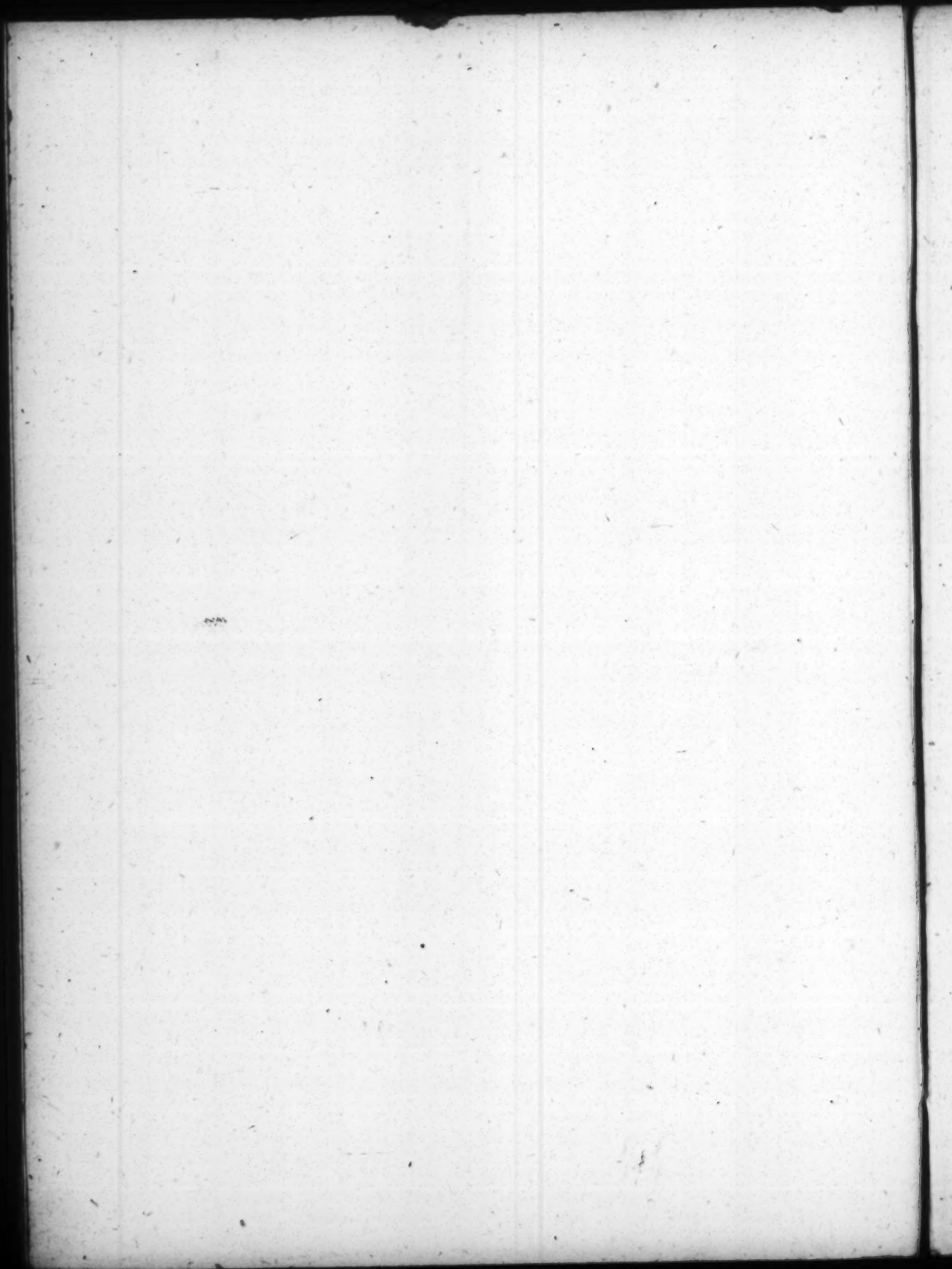






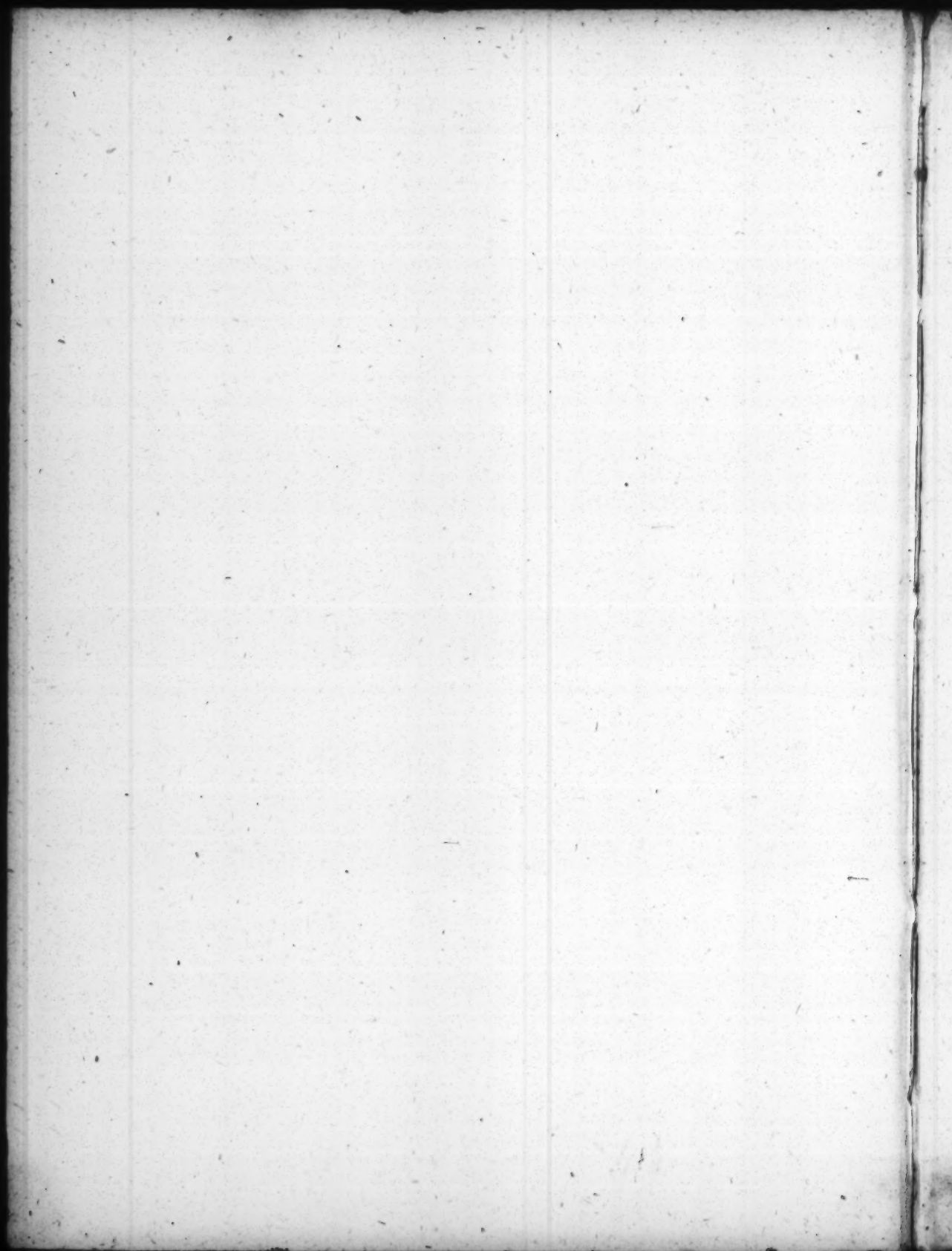












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